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Imperfect Freedom



👁 41 ✓ 2 ★ 2

Chapter 1 by Story Wars

Freedom.

I used to believe in it. I used to think it existed.

Now I know that freedom is just the small amounts of time you think nothing is holding you back. Then you come crashing back to earth and realise the facts.

There is no such thing as freedom.

Aril told me this. Right after they took me back to the Complex.

The Complex. The dream crusher. The place I paid for the consequences of my 'freedom'.

I still had the memory. The memory of the pain. The scars that criss-cross across my back will fade. But the memory of seeing all my friends, all I had ever lived for, dead, that would stay with me. Until I died.

With my luck, that would be soon.

Chapter 2 by Amelia Rose

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The metal is cold against my skin. My hands are shaking. I can't stop thinking about the times I've seen my friends die. The way they looked when they were taken away. The way they looked when they were taken away. The way they looked when they were taken away.

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times against my black

The pristine white that was everywhere in the Complex.

Everywhere white.

Nowhere colour.

The only thing you ever saw that wasn't white was black.

Our clothes were either white or black, depending on who you were.

The whites-the independents-the ones that haven't done anything wrong.

The blacks-the watched. They are the ones that have disobeyed the Complex.

The blacks are labelled by their clothes. Their clothes and the mark. You were marked on how bad your crime was. They take your mark and tattoo it on your shoulder, so they can keep track of you.

You could either be an A, B, C, D, E or an F.

I tentatively touch the black F on my shoulder. F meant you had tried to escape. Had broken the Devotion-the promise you made that you would devote yourself to the Complex when you moved from the nursery at the age of 10 to the complex-and tried to run from the Complex. No one can run away from the Complex.

F meant freedom.

F meant failure.

I was the only F. I was the only one who had lived.

All the rest of the F's were six feet underground. My friends. My family. They were all I ever lived for. Yet I'm still alive and they are gone.

No flowers sit atop their graves. No white roses with their souls in death. All that was above their graves were the headstones, marked with the simple black mark.

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